

Orange, Black, and Red

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Summary: Bucky promised Steve a long time ago that they would always be friends, but can he keep that promise to the little punk?

Orange, Black, and Red

\*\*I was up late on Pinterest the other night looking at things about Steve and Bucky and crying so I decided to write this. :)\*\*

\*\*Bucky: Thanks. (I'm being sarcastic) \*\*

\*\*Me: You are so very welcome. (smiles evilly)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Steveâ€|.Stevie, wake up." Bucky whispered, poking the blonde in the face.<p>

"Bucky? Why, why are you in my room?"

"Shhh, come on we're going to miss it." He hopped off the bed. Steve sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"What? What time is it? Miss what?"

"Its 6. Now come on, you're going to miss the sunrise." Steve sighed.

"Bucky, I've seen the sunrise before."

"No, duh, punk, but I wanna watch it together." Steve sighed again.

"Fine." He got out of bed, his striped blue pajamas too big on his

small body. They got outside and waited on the front porch. "Bucky, why are we watching the sunrise?"

"Steve, we're going to middle school for the first time today."

"So?"

"So, we don't have all our classes together."

"We'll still see each other, Bucks."

"I know, I just wanna watch the sunrise. Before were big middle schoolers and stuff."

"You say 'stuff' to much." Steve said sighing.

"Punk."

"Jerk." They were silent again. Soon, the sun started to come up.

"Bucky, look!" He stared in amazement at the sky. The bigger black haired boy laughed.

"Told you you'd want to see it."

"You always seem to know what I want before I do."

"That's what best friends are for, punk."

"You're my best friend too, Bucky."

"Look at all the colors, Stevie. The orange and the blue and the black look all pretty and stuff." Steve laughed.

"You were being so deep and thoughtful and then you ruined it and said stuff."

"Whatever, punk." They watched as the sun fully emerged. "Hey, Stevie, look how the orange is thrown on the black like thatâ€¦|.."

"Yeah, that's neat."

"But, the orange is so weird and awkward and the black's normal and fits in. What if the orange doesn't want to come out."

"No, being orange is cool, Bucky. Black is lame and boring."

"But the orange just wants to fit in, Stevie. It doesn't want the sun to rise."

"But when the sun rises, it gets to meet up with the black." Steve explained with a grin.

"I'll always be the orange to your black, punk."

"Promise?"

"Yeah, Stevie. Always."

\* \* \*

><p>"Bucky! Bucky! Listen to me!"<p>

"My name's not Bucky."

"I don't care what your name is. I'm not black now, Buck, don't you see. We're orange together!"

"I don't know what your talking about!" The winter soldier growled and fired a shot at Captain America, the sound of the bullet against the shield echoing through the streets.

"You promised, Bucky." The metal arm grabbed his shirt and lifted him up.

"You may be orange punk, but now I'm red."

End  
file.